

A Farewell cauld, Churchyard, rounde.
From the Courte to the Cuntry grownd.



In Courte yf Largies be
 why parte I thens so bare
 yf Lords were franke & fre
 Su d'adg wold Lordings spare
 To hymne whose tonge and penn
 Myght shewe in euery cosse
 The worthynes of men,
 And who deservethe moste.

Full lyttill maye be gott
 where hungry droppes do falle
 where all goes to the pott
 The kitchine fese at smalle
 The Byrde can spare no plumes
 That fethers gape wolde haue
 The Courttyer all consumes
 who makes hyme selfe so bzaue

No no here lyes in dede
 The padde within the strawe
 For eche man plecthe neade
 And he is held a dawne,
 That gues to suche as wante
 And thynkes hyme selfe in lacke
 This makes the world so skant
 And tournythe all to wracke.

For fryndshype cowde as I se
 I wayted longe and late
 And gladde to playe the vice
 To plesure eche estate
 And euer dyd I hope
 To hit my wysshyd marke
 yet lo I dyd but grope
 For gnats within the darke

Wathappes the froste hathe nypt
 Eache Noble lyberall hand
 O; ellse a waye is skyppe
 In to sume other lannde
 God send a thawe a gayne
 And shyppe drawe home as fast
 That poze men for ther payne
 Maye fynde sume welthe at last

I saught the Prynce to sarue
 As all oure dutyes is
 And hope I dyd desarue
 A greter sute then this,
 But dayes and wokes are spente
 And wozne my cotes full thynne
 And all my pearly rent
 yet founde no grace therein.

No Monstoure sure I am
 No; so wille deformed thynge,
 No shepe no; suckinge lame
 More lycke to sarue a kinge,
 As shall bothe hand and harte
 At lengthe my wytnes be,
 when proffe in any parte
 Shall be requyde of me.

Had I but founde a wyght
 In Courte when I was there,
 The Lady Sydney hight
 All changed had byn this gere,
 what happ had I to shue
 where no suche helpe is founde,
 O dames yt blushe not you
 Thought she in grace a bound,

Nowe from the Courte to carte
 My horse and I muste pase,
 who hathe the merest harte
 Who is in better case
 My horse o; I, God knowes,
 The one muste beare his charge
 The other where he goes
 Must pourely lye at large.

Finis. quod, C. Churchyard.

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